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THE PRINCE of PEACE; AND OTHER POEMS.

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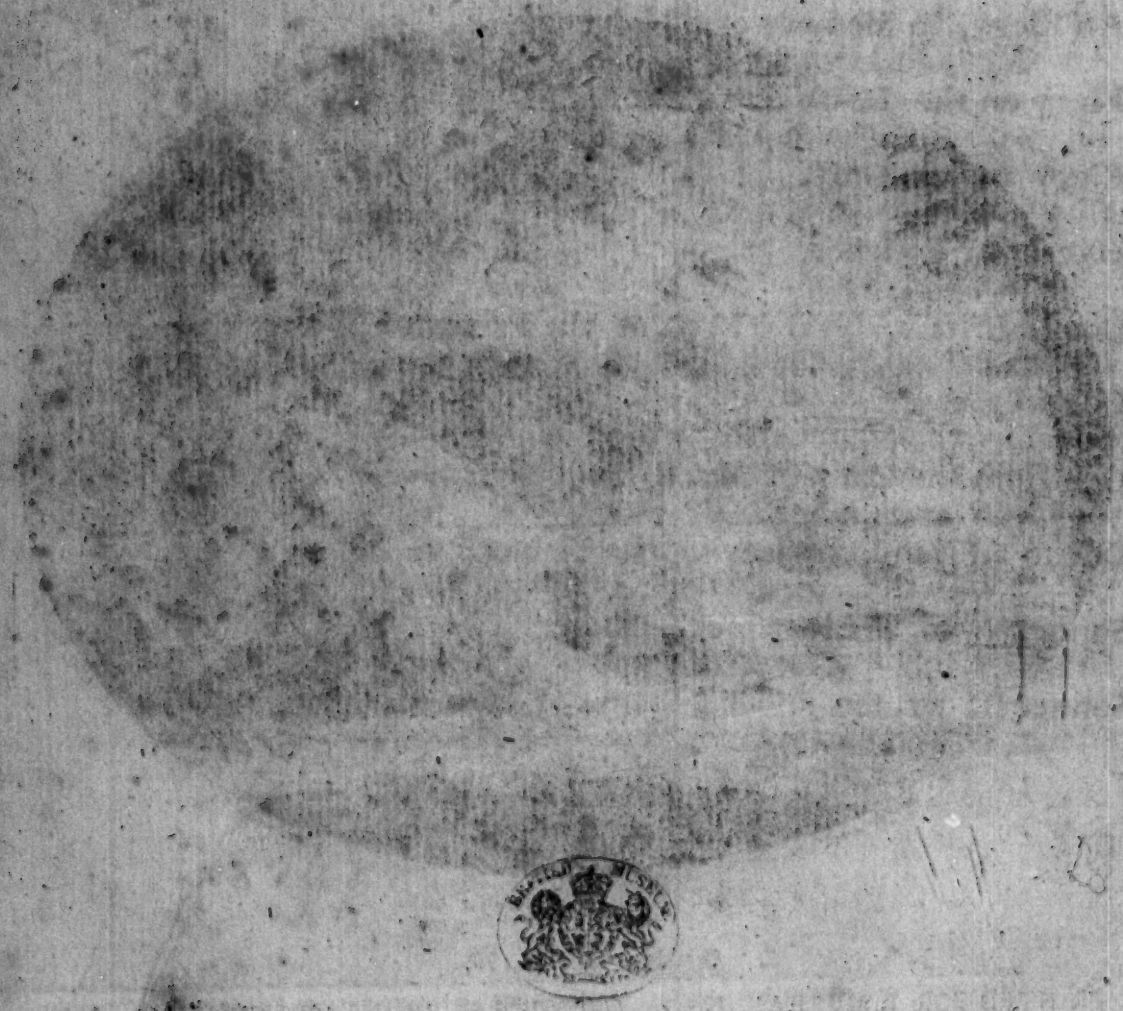

CONTENTS.

THE Prince of Peace an Ode, - - Page 1

An Elegy, in Memory of a Lady, - - - 17

Elegy on the Death of a Friend, - - 28

Elegy to Mr. Gray, - - - - 31

Hymn to Patience, - - - - 34

Ode to Britain, on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 39

Ode to Sleep, - - - - - 42

Ode from the Latin of Mr. Gray, - - - 43

Ode to a Friend, on leaving the Univerſity, - 45

Sonnet I. to a Libertine Friend, - - 49

Sonnet II. written under a Statue of Hymen, - 50

CONTENTS

THE Plan of Peace in Ode, - - - Page 1

Ode, in Memory of a Friend, - - - 27

Elegy on the Death of a Friend, - - - 28

Elegy on Mr. Gay, - - - - - 35

Verses to Patience, - - - - - 54

Ode to Truth, on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 59

Ode to Sleep, - - - - - 62

Ode to Fame, - - - - - 63

Ode to Evening, - - - - - 65

Ode to Evening, on leaving the Country, - 65

Sonnet I. to a Lady on her Recital, - - 69

Sonnet II. written under a Statue of Hymen, - 69

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

UNCONNECTED with, and, indeed, utterly deſpiſing Party of every kind, the Author of the following Poem writes not to ſerve the intereſted purpoſes of narrow-minded men. He feels himſelf actuated by more elevated motives. If he manifeſt his regard to the intereſt of Humanity and Religion, he is ſatisfied—if in any degree he ſhall promote them, he is rewarded.

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THE PRINCE of PEACE, A N O D E.

O THOU! that on the ſapphire throne
Of glory ſeated, look'ſt on human race
With eyes of tendereſt love! ſtill deign to own,
Tho' much their madneſs ſlight thy proffer'd grace,
The ſons of thoughtleſs ALBION! Write thy law
Freſh in their Hearts! that now, on blood intent,
With complicated vengeance, ſtrive to draw
The thunders down of Heaven's keen puniſhment!
Plac'd at the dread right-hand of POWER SUPREME,
Extend thy mercy ſtill! ſtill mighty to redeem!

Black with no crimes of common dye,
No common woes involve a guilty land:
Revengeful War's loud clangours rend the ſky,
Terror and frantic Rage around her ſtand.
Afflicted Commerce flies to happier ſhores,
With Peace retiring, courts the proſperous gale;
The ſad ſeceſſion Induſtry deplores,
And mutual confidence and plenty fail.
Pale Want and dark Diſtruſt and deadly Fear
A gloomier hour portend and evils more ſevere!

See War ſtalk forth with giant ſtride!
Far o'er the weſtern wave ſhe bends her courſe;
In brother's blood her gory garments dy'd!
While Britons Britons meet with hoſtile force.
Ah what avail, to ſtem the riſing flame
That civil Diſcord's baleful torch ſupplies,
Or Reaſon's voice, or Nature's feeble claim,
Or ancient amity, or kindred ties!
Vain, uſeleſs all! the raging dæmon reigns
From cold Canadia's hills to Georgia's diſtant plains.

Ah!

Ah! better far, in ocean's breaſt
If undiſcover'd ſtill thoſe regions lay!
If ſtill no pilot, turning to the weſt,
Purſued the ſtar of eve's retiring ray!
In evil hour, alas, ill-fated land!
The bold Ligurian firſt thy coaſt explor'd,
With prow adventurous ſought thy unknown ſtrand,
And midſt thy wondering ſons his navy moor'd.
Soon as the proſperous bark in triumph rode,
With more than mortal hopes his boſom glow'd.

What varied wonder fill'd his mind,
All EDEN riſing to his raptur'd view!
Here dwelt, he deems, the firſt of human kind,
And here the trees of life and knowledge grew.
THE ISLES OF BLISS now bloom to Fancy's eye:
But that no dragon guards their fruits of gold;
'Tis here, he thinks, thoſe bliſsful iſlands lie,
Nor doubts the dream that fabling bards have told.
The bright illuſion on his Mind impreſt,
Heſperian Groves he ſees, the Manſions of the bleſt!

A ſplen-

A ſplendid viſion, ſoon to fade!
Ah might he now the ſad reverſe behold!
In vain thoſe groves extend their bliſsful ſhade,
In vain they glow with vegetable gold!
In vain hath Induſtry, with noble ſtrife,
O'er ſleeping Nature wav'd his potent wand;
And, as her features ſoftened into life,
Smiled o'er the works of his creative hand.
In vain the riſing Arts unfold their plan,
Whate'er or life adorns, or dignifies the man.

What, tho' Religion's morning-ray
Chace from the weſtern world the ſhades of night?
In vain, from darkneſs burſting into day,
Aſtoniſh'd tribes adore the wond'rous light.
Muſt then no more that morning-ray, ſo pure,
To blinded Ignorance its light ſupply?
Alas! that Britons ſhould that Light obſcure!
And quench in blood the Day-ſpring from on high!
From Nature's ſimple path miſlead the blind,
And prompt to deeds of Hell the unenlighten'd mind!

Lo!

Lo! now, arous'd to ſavage war,
Their horrid rites begin; the chiefs advance:
Hark! their wild orgies echo from afar!
Their ſongs of death, that time the warriour-dance!
Their orgies ended, forth with ſilent tread
They ſteal along beneath the veil of night;
In coward murder bent, alike they dread
The glare of day or foe prepar'd to fight.
Now with light leaves they ſtrew the trackleſs way;
Now couching creep along to ſpring upon their prey.

Perchance, in that unguarded hour
When wearied Nature ſinks in ſweet repoſe,
Some parent, bound by ſleep's ſubduing power,
Awhile forgets his own and country's woes:
Kind Fancy paints to his deluded ſight
His infants ſporting where no foes moleſt;
Their looks contemplating with fond delight,
He claſps the ſmiling mother to his breaſt.
His lighten'd heart the flattering dream beguiles,
And golden harveſts wave, and Peace returning ſmiles.

Ah dream deluſive! ſoon to end!
The human fiends now ſpread deſtruction wide:
Hither their deſolating courſe they bend,
With Death that walks in darkneſs at their ſide!
The yell, that rends th' affrighted air,
Proclaims with ſavage ſound their purpoſe done.
With rage of hell the mangled limbs they tear!
With rage of hell, from blood to blood they run!
Carnage and conflagration mark their way;
Youth, age, and beauty fall, an unreſiſting prey.

Yet infants hold no forfeit life——
They, ſinleſs Beings! ſurely 'ſcape the foe!
Their little hands provoke no hoſtile ſtrife;
Save ſmiling innocence, no arms they know!
With tears, that more than ſpeak, they ſurely move
The murderer's breaſt, recalling nature's law;
Or melt to mercy with their looks of love,
The heart, now milder than the milk they draw!
In vain—their little tears ſhall not avail!
Nor Innocence——their coat of mail!

And

And ſee, where feeble age extends
His nerveleſs arm! to ward th' impending blow;
He vainly tries! th' impending blow deſcends!
Subdu'd he falls beneath th' inſulting foe!
Alas! life's evening hop'd a brighter cloſe!
Not theſe the promiſes that nature gave!
He fondly thought, with glory to repoſe
Belov'd and honour'd in the peaceful grave.
His grave, alas, the vulture ſhall ſupply!
Bleach'd by the parching winds his bones unbury'd lie!

Yet Beauty meets a milder doom—
Yet female weakneſs bends the ſtubborn ſoul—
In vain, or ſex ſhall plead, or beauty bloom:
Their furious paſſions feel no ſoft controul.
Perchance e'en now, in yon ſequeſter'd bower
Some maid ſhall liſten to her lover's voice,
In thought anticipate the golden hour,
When holy rites ſhall ſanctify her choice.
Vows of long love ſhe breathes, with fondeſt breath!
Ah! ſoon to cancel all thoſe vows in death!

E'en now ſhe hears the ambuſh'd foe:
What ſound, ſhe ſtarting cries, pervades my ear?
In yonder moonlight glade it lingers ſlow—
No foe inſidious ſurely lurking near!
Suſpect, the youth replies, no baſe deſign;
Our ſafe retreat what prying foe ſhall find?
'Twas but the whiſper of the murmuring pine,
Or diſtant waters ſounding in the wind.
Her fears remov'd, he thinks no danger nigh,
And reads freſh tranſports in her ſmiling eye.

Alas! that eye ſhall ſmile no more!
No more that lovely cheek with beauty glow!
In graceful negligence no more ſhall flow
Thoſe waving ringlets ſtiff with clotted gore!
The wolves of war now rend that flowing hair!
Impending o'er their agonizing prize,
With gnaſhing unrelenting fangs they tear
The horrid trophy of their victories!
This ſees the youth, expiring as he lies,
With aggravated horror ſees and dies!

O BRITONS,

O BRITONS, fam'd for gentle Hearts!
On guilty cheeks let conſcious bluſhes riſe!
At deeds like theſe revolting nature ſtarts,
And mild Humanity recoils and dies.
In crimes of deepeſt dye no longer ſhare:——
Ungenerous BRITONS, ſpare your country's ſhame!
Your injur'd country's faded glory ſpare,——
Nor thus to infamy conſign her name!
Be her's the praiſe, than Valour's greater far,
With Clemency's kind hand to ſooth the woes of war.

Vain hope! e'en now new horrors riſe!
New modes of brutal warfare unexplor'd!
In Engliſh hands the ſcourge of fury flies,
And flames devour the remnant of the ſword.
In Engliſh hearts diſgraceful triumph reigns,
As wide the ſtreams of deſolation ſpread.
Not ſuch the chief, that on Germania's plains
His country's valiant ſons to victory led!
To conquer leſs ambitious than to ſave,
He waſh'd with pitying tears th' unwilling wounds he gave.

Ah! ſurely dead to human woe
Their iron hearts, that deeds like theſe approve!
All future Hope they ſurely muſt forego,
Nor fear a vindicating Power above!
And yet——to Heaven they bow the ſuppliant knee,
And breathe the formal prayer with lips defiled;
And yet——they lift their blood-ſtain'd hands to Thee,
To Thee, meek Saviour, merciful and mild!
And yet——to Thee thoſe hands they DARE to ſhew!
To Thee, who did'ſt COMMAND affection to the foe!

Man's guardian friend! at Pity's call
Once more thy ſpirit in their hearts renew!
And, O may Heaven, whoſe mercy ſtoops to all,
Their crimes forgive!—they know not what they do!
In rival breaſts awake thy law of Love!
From Thee all human hope, all comfort ſprings!
The mutual wound's keen anguiſh to remove,
Ariſe once more with healing on thy wings!
So may each doubt diſſolve, all Diſcord ceaſe,
And kindred nations bow before THE PRINCE OF PEACE!

AN ELEGY,

IN MEMORY OF A LADY.

SONNET to Miſs ****.

WITH trembling hope the Muſe's hand eſſays
To deck with faireſt flow'rs Conſtantia's grave;
Her plantive voice, ſolicitous to ſave,
With fond, tho' vain attempt, her charms diſplays:
Tho' vain th' attempt, tho' fruitleſs be the lays,
Not unrewarded is the Muſe's toil;
With pride ſhe boaſts a ****'s approving ſmile,
With pride ſhe boaſts that you have deign'd to praiſe!
Can you then pardon, with preſumptuous aim
If thus ſhe ſtrive her honours to prolong?
Her envied lot ambitious to proclaim,
If thus ſhe venture to inſcribe your name?
Your living charms bear witneſs to the ſong—
Your ſmile approv'd it, and that ſmile is Fame.

AN

ELEGY,

IN MEMORY OF A LADY.

THE tranſient gleam of earthly joy
May ſoothe awhile the ſenſe of pain,
Our fluttering hearts awhile employ,
Full ſoon to mourn its fleeting reign!

For lo! to blaſt the ſmiling ſky
By hope and joy portray'd ſo fair,
The fiend of anguiſh hovers nigh,
And ſpreads the darkneſs of Deſpair.

Tho' Stoic pride may ſmile at woe,
Unmov'd at ſorrow's penſive Gloom;
While memory lives, or tears can flow,
This heart ſhall mourn CONSTANTIA's doom!

Yes, dear departed ſhade! to thee
The frequent tear I'll duely pay?
Nor e'er till grief ſhall ceaſe to be,
Shall Friendſhip ceaſe her tender lay.

On thee her fondeſt thoughts ſhall dwell,
She ſtill ſhall place thy form in view,
And every charm ſhe lov'd ſo well
By memory's aid ſhall bloom anew:

The open heart, the poliſh'd mind,
The manners gentle, kind, and free,
The eaſy wit, the ſenſe refin'd,
And native ſenſibility.

But ah, why thus the loſs renew,
Why thus in fruitleſs grief deplore?
Painful the retroſpective view
Of charms we muſt behold no more.

Reflection, ſpare the tortur'd mind!
Retentive Memory, ceaſe the ſtrain!
Nor thus, officiouſly unkind,
Awake the ſleeping ſtings of pain.

Ah! now I ſee the tyrant Death,
With icy hand and flinty heart,
Prepar'd to ſnatch thy lingering breath,
While Pain aſſiſts to point his dart.

Yet e'en, in this terrific ſcene,
I ſee thee ſinking calmly down:
In vain upon that brow ſerene
Would Death himſelf imprint a frown.

E'en now I ſee thee all reſign'd,
Prepar'd to meet thy awful doom!
No guilty terrors ſhake thy mind,
Or hover round thy peaceful tomb.

But ſtill, as tho' they wiſh'd to ſave,
(The inmates of thy gentle breaſt)
The virtues fair frequent the grave,
CONSTANTIA, where thy aſhes reſt.

Fair Truth is there, ſhe grieves to ſee
Her manſion crumbling into duſt;
For ſure ſhe ever found in thee
A heart to all her dictates juſt.

She too, of aſpect mild and bland,
Kind Charity is heard deplore;
She fondly graſps thy clay-cold hand,
She weeps to find it warm no more!

The tender Paſſions o'er thy tomb
With fond ſolicitude incline;
Soft Pity weeps thy early doom,
And Friendſhip bleeds at Virtue's ſhrine.

Hope's tow'ring eye is fix'd on earth,
Nor longer ſeeks its native ſky;
Joy paints no more her ſcenes of mirth,
E'en firm-ey'd Patience heaves a ſigh!

Ah! ſhall that liberal hand be cold,
That Indigence ſo warm hath found?
Its lenient aid ſhall it with-hold,
Nor deal beneficence around?

Are then thy charms for ever flown?
Thoſe eyes ſhall Death's dim hand obſcure?
Eyes, where in mild effulgence ſhone
The fond affections warm and pure!

And ſhall that heart, for ever dead,
Indulge no more the wiſh to bleſs?
And ſhall thoſe eyes no longer ſhed
The balm of Pity on Diſtreſs?

Myſterous Providence! thy ways
O how inſcrutable to man!
Why elſe to Vice her length of days?
To Virtue why ſo ſhort a ſpan?

Is it, that Virtue trembling flies
From Vice's rude contagious air?
Glad to reſume her native ſkies,
To fly from Vanity and Care?

Is it, that on this earthly ſtage,
Thro' life's dull ſcene of varied woe,
No object riſes to engage
Thoſe ſmiles which Virtue can beſtow?

Yet ſure, by Love and Fortune bleſt,
To thee an envied bliſs was known;
'Twas thine to ſhare a kindred breaſt,
A ſoul congenial to thy own!

'Twas

'Twas thine to live belov'd, ador'd,
By him whom moſt your heart approv'd:
What greater bliſs can life afford
By thoſe we love, than to be lov'd?

Pleaſure ſo pure can pomp impart,
Can wealth beſtow, or fame diſplay?
No, L——, let thy faithful heart
In this bear witneſs to my lay.

From life's beſt joys now doom'd to part,
With fruitleſs aim that thouſands ſeek,
Ah let not, valued friend! thy heart
In the diſtreſsful ſtruggle break!

Let Friendſhip's tender hand diſpel
Thy guſhing tears, thy woes deceive!
In vain — for my own feelings tell
She wants the balm ſhe ſtrives to give!

What

What tho' calm Reaſon ſeem to ſay
" Suppreſs thy unavailing ſighs;"
Yet, when wild Paſſion would obey,
" Indulge thy Sorrows" Nature cries.

Let then, my friend, her voice prevail,
True to whate'er ſhe wou'd inſpire:
But let Affliction's ruder wail
Be ſoften'd to the Muſe's lyre.

So may the plaintive pow'rs of ſong
The boſom's tender griefs diſplay;
And ſweetly querulous prolong
The ſad, the ſorrow-ſoothing lay.

So may the Muſe that loves to grieve,
Her ſtrains into thy breaſt inſtil;
Melodious as the bird's of eve,
In * MARO's lay that murmurs ſtill.

* Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ, &c.

So

So may thy lov'd, lamented Fair,
Thro' time ſurvive, an envied name!
Enabled in thy verſe to ſhare
A LUCY's or a LAURA's fame.

ELEGY,

ON THE

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

His ſaltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
Munere.

TO Friendſhip true, while melts thy honeſt heart,
O B——! in tears of ſympathetic woe;
Let me, my friend, too ſhare the mournful part,
And in one tide our blended ſorrows flow!

Still as his mem'ry lives within our breaſts,
Our kindred ſouls ſhall heave the ſigh ſincere;
And o'er the ſacred tomb where R—— reſts,
Together oft we'll ſhed the penſive tear.

Tho'

Tho' vain the tear, and fruitleſs ev'ry ſigh,
(All now that beggar'd Friendſhip can repay!)
Love's plaintive voice, and Sorrow's ſtreaming eye,
Shall mark the turf where lies no vulgar clay.

Reſt, honour'd ſhade! while o'er thy humble grave,
With pious care the duteous Muſe ſhall ſtrew
Her choiceſt flow'rs, as anxious ſtill to ſave
Thy name, embalm'd in friendſhip's holy dew.

In vain for thee indulgent Fortune ſmil'd?
In vain for thee a parent's ceaſeleſs pray'rs
Invoked each bleſſing on her fav'rite child,
The laſt fond hope of her declining years!

Her hope no more—ſince Death, with brow ſevere,
Deaf to the moving eloquence of woe,
Gloomily glad beholds a mother's tear,
And ſtrikes with ſurer aim the ruthleſs blow.

Oh!

Oh! had that arm with-held it's hoſtile rage,
From the dear object of a parent's pray'r,
His filial love had chear'd her widow'd age,
And ſtopp'd the ſpeeding darts of Time and Care!

And are they fled? thoſe ſcenes of ſocial eaſe,
By Fancy form'd remote from vulgar ſtrife?
Of ſmiling Love, and calm domeſtic Peace,
That ſcatter ſunſhine on the ſtream of life?

Where are the joys by flattering Hope ſupply'd?
Dear diſtant dreams of yet unknown delight!
When Health flow'd vig'rous in the purple tide?
And Youth ſtill painted ev'ry landſcape bright?

O Death! laſt limit of our low deſires!
What awful truths thy ſilent ſcenes diſplay!
By thy pale lamp the ſtar of Hope expires,
And Fancy cloſes her deluſive day!

ELEGY,

TO

MR. GRAY,

From the Latin of Mr. ANSTY, prefixed to his Tranſlation of the ELEGY written in a COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

BENEATH the ſilent ſhade, the ſolemn gloom,
Where Night and Stillneſs reign, O bard divine!
I too would wander near the lonely tomb,
And ſtrike my lyre in uniſon with thine.

To ſit unheeded in the hamlet's cell,
In penſive mood to range the rural grove,
Beneath the ruſtic's humble roof to dwell,
And near the brook, and o'er the lawn to rove,

Thy Muſe would deign; above the vaulted ſky
Tho' wing'd to ſoar, and "keep her diſtant way,"
The bird of Jove's etherial heights to try,
And riſe with Pindar to the realms of day.

If not diſpleas'd the Latiàn Muſe to hear,
To thy ſweet lays who tunes her claſſic reed;
If her aſpiring numbers ſooth thine ear,
Thy ſmile approving if her envy'd meed;

Haply reclin'd by ſilver Anio's ſide,
Some ſwain may teach the liſt'ning groves thy name,
And Tiber, as he rolls his yellow tide
By many a ruſtic tomb, reſound thy fame.

When o'er thy grave each drooping Muſe ſhall wail,
And ſtrive in vain to wake thy ſleeping fire,
When on thy dull cold ear ſhall nought avail
Caſtalia's murmurs or Apollo's lyre,

Then ſhall the Muſe (tho' thy unnoted doom
No pageantry proclaim) her off'rings pour;
For ever languiſh o'er thy graſſy tomb,
And cheriſh with her tears each riſing flow'r.

HYMN

HYMN to PATIENCE.

I.

PEACE, with thy precepts falſe and vain!
Nor fondly labour to perſuade
That he, who calls on Reaſon's aid,
May calmly ſmile at pain!
O Epictetus! didſt thou know
(And ſure thy breaſt, tho' arm'd with ſteel,
Cou'd ne'er forget the pow'r to feel)
How deeply wound the darts of Care,
How ruthleſs in his rage Deſpair,
O'erwhelm'd in deepeſt woe:
Then muſt thou own the truth thy feelings tell,
Tho' Stoic pride ſhould prompt thee to believe
That in the ſenſe of pain no evils dwell,
That Reaſon's voice it's anguiſh can deceive:
In vain would Reaſon baniſh from the mind
Care's brooding train, or Sorrow's pangs refin'd!——

II. But

II.

But ſay, ye guardian pow'rs of man!
To whom in charge th' all-ruling Mind
At Nature's birth the taſk aſſign'd
To guard his little ſpan:
Say, muſt his ſorrows ceaſeleſs flow?
His life's ſhort pleaſures diſappear,
Daſh'd on the rocks of grief and care?
While vain with ſtruggling pangs he tries
To ſnatch from fate his ſhipwreck'd joys,
And ſtem the tide of woe?

Forbid it Heav'n—O meek-ey'd Patience, come!
Thy healing balms diffuſe into my breaſt;
Of pow'r to ſtrike ſad Sorrow's wailings dumb,
And calm the ſoul of agony to reſt:
Life's numerous ills O teach me to endure!
And ſooth with foſtering ſmiles the wounds thou can'ſt not [cure!

III.

O meek-ey'd Patience! at thy name
E'en now I feel thy influence dart
Freſh vigour to the fainting heart,
And chear my languid frame!
E'en now I ſee Thee move along!
No ſtubborn pride attends Thee now,
Nor Sullenneſs with gloomy brow;
But chearful Peace, in maiden pride,
And Reſolution at her ſide,
Compoſe thy decent throng.
Ah! let not ever in thy train be ſeen
Dull Apathy, from virtuous feelings free;
From thine tho' widely different be her mein,
By erring man miſtaken oft for Thee.
Oh! to my ſight thy genuine features ſhew!
Hope in thy modeſt eye, and meekneſs in thy brow.

IV.

Come, goddeſs of the dauntleſs breaſt!
O come with ſuch an eye and mein
As when by dying martyrs ſeen
You point to endleſs reſt!
Tho' Malice aim her poiſon'd dart,
Tho' Torture rend th'afflicted ſoul,
And Agony preſent the bowl,
Tho' Superſtition clank her chain,
While Perſecution's iron train
Aſſail the martyr'd heart;
The daring ſoul, by Truth inſpir'd and Thee,
With brow undaunted looks upon diſtreſs;
E'en Perſecution's ſelf relents to ſee
Her pangs how vain, fair Virtue to depreſs:
For chear'd by Thee ſhe braves the torturing hour,
Zeal's bigot rage, or tyrant acts of power.

V.

O might I hope Thee for my gueſt!
Thy chearing influence might I know,
Thy ſoft'ning ſmiles ſhou'd ſooth the woe
That rankles in my breaſt!
Come then the thick'ning gloom diſpel
Of ſullen ſorrows that ſtill low'r,
And cloud with grief life's morning hour;
O come! and blunt the ſtings of Care,
Quell the wild ravings of Deſpair,
That fierceſt fiend of hell!
Oh come, thou friend of Virtue, to my aid!
So ſhall the ſoul her fate no more oppoſe;
But in the lap of Reſignation laid,
Like Thee ſhall ſmile forgiveneſs on her foes.
While in this truth the conqueſt is ſecure,
He dies who wou'd reſiſt, who conquers muſt endure.

ODE

ODE to BRITAIN,

On the Birth of the PRINCE of WALES.

FAIR Queen of ocean-crowning iſles!
Whoſe bright eye beams with glory's rays,
To thee, tho' Conqueſt lend her golden ſmiles,
Tho' green thy brow with Pythian bays!
In all thy ſons tho' martial ardour reign,
Each breaſt inſpiring with tumultuous joy,
And warriour fires dart ſwift from ev'ry eye,
As ſwells the trumpets animating ſtrain.—
Yet ceaſe awhile our boſoms to inſpire,
Ye clarions ſhrill, nor drown the Muſe's lyre.
To Peace, O! give the milder hour,
And be the voice of thund'ring War ſuppreſt;
While Iſis' ſons their filial tranſports pour,
And join the lib'ral joy, that reigns in ev'ry breaſt.

O Britain! favour'd ſtill by fate!
On diſtant glories turn thine eyes;
The future guardian of thy envy'd ſtate,
Behold another Brunſwick riſe!
Wake the ſweet lyre to ſtrains of manly mirth,
And be each heart with grateful raptures gay;
Let Freedom's ſons for ever hail the day,
That ſmil'd indulgent on the princely birth:
Auſpicious day! that twice hath deign'd to ſhine
The harbinger of Brunſwick's ſacred line;
Oh! may their patriot cares extend
(The firm ſupport of Freedom's holy cauſe!)
To fartheſt times—ſtill zealous to defend
Britannia's ſacred rights, and guard her injur'd laws.

For this we form the votive pray'r;
"May ſtill the ſame propitious pow'r,
"O Albion! ever guard thy infant heir,
"That ſmil'd upon his natal hour,

" May ſtill as Time unfolds his tender thought,
" His ſteps be guided in the paths of truth,
" And to his mind the guardians of his youth,
" In fair array the ſmiling virtues brought;
" Whoſe ſacred charms, in early years impreſt,
" Shall fix their laſting empire in his breaſt."

So, Queen of Ocean, may'ſt thou find,
Diſtinguiſh'd high amidſt the patriot train,
Another George, of firm exalted mind!
With early virtues crown'd—but not an early reign.

ODE

ODE to SLEEP.

SLEEP, thy balmy aid apply!
Calm to reſt my wakeful woes!
Sorrow's cheek, O gently dry!
Sorrow's eye in ſlumber cloſe!

Fancy, then, ſhall hold her reign;
Hope ſhall ſooth the penſive mind;
Stella then ſhall ſmile again;
Stella ſhall again be kind!

Loſt to all we moſt adore,
What has life that's worth our care?
Sleep, to my fond arms reſtore
Stella, faithful, kind, and fair!

But, tho' once ſo fair and kind,
Should thoſe dreams of love be paſt!
Ah then! what ſolace may I find?
Still let me ſleep—and ſleep my laſt!

ODE

O D E,

From the LATIN of Mr. GRAY,

Written at the GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

O THOU, the Genius of this wild retreat,
This rude magnificence of Nature's reign!
O grant me, if thine ear I rightly greet,
The calm repoſe I long have lov'd in vain!
And, ſure, the ſplendors of the ſcene declare
No trivial Deity's preſiding care.

Deriding Phidian art and burniſh'd gold,
A ſhrine how vaſt, how rich, how grand, ſupply
The awful precipice, abrupt and bold,
The cliff ſublime, that leaves the wearied eye;
Foreſts no human footſtep can prevade,
The torrent's thunder, and the night of ſhade!

For me, tho' Fate forbid me to aſſuage
In kindred glooms the pangs that youth annoy,
Be mine at leaſt, to ſooth the hours of age,
Theſe ſcenes of ſilent ſolitary joy!
Secluded and ſecure from vulgar ſtrife,
Here let me end the toil, and loſe the cares of life!

ODE to a FRIEND,

On his leaving the UNIVERSITY,

Written at M—— COLLEGE, in OXFORD.

THO' here coy Science fix her ſeat,
Where Isis rolls a claſſic tide;
And awful Wiſdom's ſafe retreat,
Each dome that crouds her laurel'd ſide;
Tho' every Muſe, and every Grace,
To Fame ſhall conſecrate the place;
To me, yet tedious muſt theſe ſcenes appear,
While Friendſhip tells me * * * * is not here!

Ah friend! believe me, did'ſt thou feel
The griefs that in my breaſt I bear,
As oft thro' yonder grove I ſteal,
In penſive thought and lonely care;

While

While memory to my mind reſtores
Thoſe hours, which loſt ſhe now deplores;
Ah! then not ſlighted were this plantive ſtrain,
That ſtrives to win thee to theſe ſhades again!

Are then thoſe fleeting proſpects o'er,
By flattering Hope pourtray'd ſo fair,
When erſt by CHERWELL's reedy ſhore,
We mus'd along, devoid of care?
And can'ſt thou too forget the day,
When thus thou fram'd'ſt the votive lay?
While, as we roam'd at ev'nings ſolemn cloſe,
In diſtant view OXONIA's turrets roſe.

" Hail to yon ſacred domes, you cry'd,
" Where, rich in all the ſtores of time,
" Philoſophy and Truth preſide,
" Where heav'n-born Science fits ſublime!
" Ambitious of no vulgar praiſe,
" With theſe, O let me end my days!
" Retiring from the world's too curious eye,
" Here let me live, and not inglorious die!

" So

" So ſhall my life no tempeſt know,
" But ſmooth as this fair ſtream appears,
" Shall ſtill with equal tenor flow,
" Unſullied, thro' the vale of years:
" And, as the flow departing fires
" Of day illume yon diſtant ſpires,
" Truth on my mind ſhall dart her pureſt rays,
" And mark with Splendor's beams the ev'ning of my days!"

Ah! ſuch was once the votive pray'r,
And ſuch the wiſh that erſt you made,
As Hope pourtray'd in proſpect fair
The ſcenes that now deluſive fade!
Shall then that wiſh no longer pleaſe,
Nor all thoſe dreams of letter'd eaſe?
In Fancy's eye tho' waving heav'nly bright,
So lovely once they ſeem'd to youth's ingenuous ſight.

And can'ſt thou then the charms decline,
That here would court thy lingering ſtay?
And can'ſt thou then theſe groves reſign,
For public life's leſs peaceful way?

Where Vice th' unguarded boſom fires
With all that wakes to wild deſires;
While youth diſſolving hears the Syren ſing,
And drinks the dregs of Pleaſure's poiſon'd ſpring!

Ah! rather to theſe ſhades return,
The ſeats ſecure of virtuous joy!
Where Science from her copious urn
Pours the full tide that ne'er ſhall cloy!
Her ſtreams the ever thirſty mind
Delight, nor leave a ſting behind.—
To theſe, to Virtue and the Muſe, attend;
And add to theſe the wiſhes of thy friend.

11 7 49

SONNET

SONNET I.

To a Libertine Friend.

AH Friend! no longer with thyſelf at ſtrife,
Time, health, and happineſs, and virtue waſte!
Form'd for domeſtic hours and ſocial life,
Graſp not the bliſs that palls upon the taſte,
And dies——vile intercourſe of harlots vile!
Be thine the joys that Reaſon may approve,
By Virtue heighten'd: ſweet is Virtue's ſmile;
Sweet the endearments of connubial love!
In vain I counſel, vainly I implore—
The varied banquet ſtill thy partial theme!
Miſtaken Friend! what can the maniac more?
He, parch'd with thirſt and robb'd of Reaſon's beam,
Spurns the pure nectar of the lucid ſtream,
To quaff the drainage of the common ſhore.

SONNET

SONNET II.

Written under a Statue of HYMEN.

NO ſuppliant vot'ry at thy modeſt ſhrine
For promis'd bliſs delay'd aſſails thine ear;
Grateful I own thy choiceſt gifts are mine,
Thy gifts, increaſing ſtill thro' many a year!
Peace, Health, and Eaſe, and unreprov'd Delight,
And calm Contentment, form thy gentle train;
Love waves his light wings, joyous at the ſight,
Proud to partake with thee thy eaſy reign.
Fanning thy golden Torch, he ſmiles to ſee
His faireſt promiſes fulfill'd by thee!
Still may that golden Torch diffuſe its light!
By love's ſoft pinions fanned, ſtill glow more bright!
Thro' lateſt years extend its chearing ray,
And gild the gathering gloom of life's expiring day!

11. 7. 49

ΩΛΒΙΟΙ ΟΙ ΦΙΛΕΟΝΤΕΣ, ΕΠΗΝ ΙΣΟΝ ΑΝΤΕΡΑΩΝΤΑΙ.

FINIS.